

The Letter R

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Summary: If you thought you knew anything about Jess of Team Rocket, think again....

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I wrote this in two days. Actually, it wrote itself, and I was just there to type the words. This story is not for children--you have been warned. And it is long. Prepare to sit and read this.

Disclaimer: Argh!! It's a fanfic!!! Not mine! \*sniff\*

Notes: To fully enjoy this fiction (dark as it may be) you must take this into consideration. 1: Jessie never set foot in PokÃ©mon Tech. 2: Bike gang? What bike gang? 3: Lemme make this simple...you know nothing about Jessie other than she's redhead. And by the time I'm done with this, you may doubt that too.

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To protect the world from devastation...that is my part in the motto.

A false promise, an utterly empty of words I do not believe in.

I could not save myself from devastation--how do I expect to save the world? I lie everytime the words pass my lips.

The R was my destiny, my birth right, a stamp I was born with and that finally emerged when I joined Team Rocket.

No, my first R was not for Team Rocket. It was for other R's, many

other words which pain me to mention, which spring tears to the baby blue eyes I possess.

For the others do not, cannot--will not know why I gave up one R for another.

No, life in Team Rocket is not exactly glamorous--as a matter of fact, it's bad.

But it is nothing like the hell I endured before.

Nothing can compare.

James and Meowth are better off not knowing my history, my past. For compared to me, they lived lives of luxury and happiness.

No, they will not understand. For they did not have to endure my childhood.

Part One: R is for Rejection

First of all, my name is not Jessie.

My given name is one of those Rs. It represents all that is wrong with my life, why I am who I am. But I will say it.

My birth name was Regina.

Once I learned to read, around the time he saved me, I looked up that name. Queen, it said. Hardly. My parents picked the wrong name for me.

Of course, it is not like I was a wanted child. I was the youngest child of a pair. My older brother is another of those Rs in my life... quite possibly the worst. But he is a later part. As I look over my life so far, except for a select few, every R I have met was evil.

You want to know why I am scared to be insulted? Why I do not like the idea that Team Twerp manages to insult me every time we cross and why it infuriates me beyond measure? Why I would kill Ash if I could?

Because my whole life, I have wanted to know I was appreciated and cared for. And for a long time, all I have gotten is rejection. It was my first R, paired up with my name.

Yes, I came from a bad family. I have said that. But what I do not say is that waking up in my house was hell.

My earliest vivid memory is when I was two years old. I was still in diapers, because my mother did not have the time to potty train me. I hadn't been changed either, and I was breaking out in a rash. I know that because I remember thinking that the horrid red splotches on my legs would never go away, and that they itched badly. And we won't discuss the last time I had been bathed. Mom had been coming home late everyday.

My brother was in a corner, playing with a set of blocks. I was as far away as possible from him...he liked to throw things at anything

that got within range. Most of the time that thing was me.

Dad was sitting in a filthpile of his own doing, surrounded by half eaten chips and beer cans. The TV blared loudly in the background as Dad munched noisily on a handful of greasy pretzels.

I was in a corner, clutching my stuffed Meowth doll in my arms. It was the safest place in the house.

The door opened, and Mom came in. She had a job at the time. I still remember her face...that it had the same eyes I do. That, and the simple green circle earrings she wore everywhere. I cheered, running across the room as fast as my legs would carry me. I didn't care if I stepped on something or if my brother hit me with a block repeatedly. Mommy was home. I would be changed, and bathed, and rocked and hugged--

And I never reached her outstretched arms.

A large grimy hand buried into my hair, and I was literally snatched off my feet. I screamed loudly as I felt what seemed like the sensation of my hair being torn out of my head. Dad stood up, lifting me clear off the ground. I dropped my doll in the process.

Put her down, David! Mommy screamed, trying to take me away from my dad's grip. My dad glared and just held me above Mom's head, where I kicked and screamed. Mom beat her hands on Dad's chest, crying as I cried. My dad backhanded her into the wall, so hard she spit blood. She slumped into the wall, fully conscious but badly hurt.

she pleaded softly, She's just a baby.

Dad did not listen. He turned me until I faced the floor. Then I saw what had happened.

A beer bottle was tipped over on the floor, its contents spreading across the floor and his feet as it soaked into our dirty blue carpet. My dad spun me around again, to glare into his face.

You knocked over my drink, didn't you?

I could not squeak out my answer.

Dad shook me hard, until I thought my neck would snap.

Never kick over my beer again, he hissed.

I whimpered, trying to twist out of his grip.

Mom sobbed. Put her down.

Dad turned towards Mom, then smiled and nodded. He lowered the hand he held me with, till my feet were almost touching the floor.

Then he swung it up and I flew across the room until I hit the wall.

I blacked out the second I hit. But I awoke on the floor after sliding down the wall. My head pounded horribly, and I felt a sticky feeling under my head spreading. Later I knew that that was my own

blood. I couldn't move an inch, and stars twinkled and danced before my blurring eyes as I felt the pain course through my body.

I put her down, he hissed, before walking out the house.

My mom gathered me in her arms, my blood soaking onto her skin. I see now, that I am older, that it was miracle that I was not killed on impact. I'll take you to the doctor, baby, she said, wrapping her now off shirt around my head to try to stop the flow of blood.

My brother sat there, a look of apathy on his face. He didn't give a damn that Dad had nearly killed me.

To state the obvious, I lived. But barely. I still have times I can space out, because I am affected by that.

My Meowth doll was soaked in blood. Mom had to throw it out.

I also have seizures from time to time...real bad ones, where I go into convulsions. And I am still phobic about anyone touching my hair.

The next day my dad was gone. I think he was arrested, and once the doctor saw me, he had Dad put away. Mom kept me and my brother.

But I learned one haunting thing that day, which I saw everytime I looked at that spot where I had hit, that graced the wall in my house.

My dad treasured his beer more than he treasured his daughter.

My first rejection of many.

Part Two: R is for Rape

As I got older, my brother became worse. Now, he didn't merely throw blocks at me. He threw shoes, knives, plates, anything he could get his hands on when I was around flew at my head. I never spent a day with out a bruise or mark on my body.

Mom didn't notice. When you have two jobs to hold to keep your kids, you aren't exactly around to make sure that one's not trying to kill the other. However, if she did, she did not care.

So I had to learn to duck my brother's blows. The one time I hit him, he threw me through the window, so I was scared to raise my hands at him.

One he turned seventeen--he was seven years older than me, he looked just like Dad. And that memory was still a painful burning in my mind. So I really stayed out of his way. He was not a person I wanted to anger.

One day, when I was almost twelve, I was at home cleaning. I never went to school, because my mom could not afford me not to be at the house all the time. I was the one who had to guard it, to make sure it was open when my brother came in. He didn't go to school either, but that was by choice. He was a dropout.

I hit puberty at a young age--about nine or ten. So I was developing

at the time.

My brother came in, after running the streets.

His name was Ryan.

I could see it in his eyes. He was gone. Something wasn't right. He hadn't hit me the second he'd walked in the door.

I whispered, setting down the dish I held.

Ryan didn't answer me. He smiled evilly, and at that exact moment, he looked just like my dad. I was sure I was in for it, and I ran under the table.

Ryan grabbed one of the knives off the table, and at the same time he grabbed my hair. He dragged me out from under the table, by my braided hair. Then he gently turned me around, picked me up, and sat me on the table. He was still smiling evilly, as he held the knife to my throat. I whimpered, sure that this time I was going to die.

He pulled my legs apart, and pulled me so that he stood between them. I was wearing a skirt that day. Then he placed a rough hand on my back and held me in place as he brought the knife up to my face.

I'm not going to kill you, he said sweetly, as his hand slid under my shirt. But if you scream, I will. You just keep quiet like a good little sister, and I'll teach you some things that you'll like. He set the knife on my neck, as though it was resting on my shoulder.

He looked in my eyes. Then he pushed me to the table and kissed me roughly. The pressure on my lips felt like he was going to bruise them.

Oh don't worry, Regina, he purred as he started ripping at my clothes. I won't hit you ever again.

That was when I realized what he was up to. No, Ryan, I said in fright. This isn't right.

You have to learn sometime, Regina, he said as his hands went where they were not supposed to. I think that it would be better that I touch you before anyone else.

After all, he sneered, I am your brother.

It hurt.

It hurt a lot.

I would have screamed, but I wasn't about to with a knife pressed at my throat. So I just cried.

He told the truth. He never hit me again. But I would have rather he hit me. That would have been so much better.

And that was just the beginning. Everytime Mom wasn't home, or if she was asleep, he did it again. Maybe not as badly as that first time,

but it still hurt. I had to take it though, because every time, he set a knife right by his hands and silently dared me to scream.

This went on for years.

Once, I dared to tell Mom. Right after it happened.

She looked me in the eyes and told me to take it like the woman I was now.

That was when the illusion that my mother was a goddess shattered.

I have feelings for James. Deep feelings that I would love to act upon. But I cannot.

One time James leaned over and kissed me while we were camping out. It was just a goodnight kiss, a peck on the cheek. But I stiffened.

He never kissed me again.

I think he thought I was rejecting him. I was not. I was scared to be touched by another man in an affectionate way.

I am still.

Rape is terrifying, a memory that never goes away.

Continuous sexual abuse is worse.

It is even worse when the rapist is your older brother.

Part Three: R is for Revenge

I endured this crap for years.

The abuse, the denial.

The lies.

The bullshit.

Finally, I snapped.

Ryan had been abusing me for about three years.

Mom did not care.

And I was not going to take this anymore.

That night, Mom was home. Ryan had done it again. He was sitting beside me, and I was holding the covers over myself, shaking. Tonight he had been exceptionally rough. He did not care that when he did it rough, I hurt all over.

He stood up to walk out, and I saw my chance.

He had left the knife on the bed. A fatal mistake.

I wrapped my hands around it, staring at the shiny metal blade and its sharpness. Many times he had held it to me, to keep me quiet as he screwed me. I knew it could draw blood--he had at times knicked me when he was not careful. Then I watched him walk across the room.

It was buried in the back of his throat before he took another step.

I ripped and slashed, the blood soaking the carpets and splashing over me and the walls. He locked his hands around my shoulders, trying to pull me off, but it did not work.

I kept up my anger driven attack as I cut him, as the blood flowed from each new cut, as it spurted from his body.

He did not scream...I cut his throat first.

His hands gripped me and shook me, slamming me into the walls over and over until he weakened. But I just kept slashing and slashing, until his hands let go of me and hit the floor, the carpet making a silent squishy sound as his hands hit. It was soaked in blood.

I stood up, the knife in my hands and panting heavily. Tears ran down my face--not from sorrow, but from tiredness. The tears tracked through the redness on my cheeks, making it look as if I was crying blood.

Then I heard my mom gasp. I turned to face her, calmness on my face. I felt peaceful--almost as if I had done a good thing.

What have you done, Regina? she said in shock. You have done an evil thing, killing your brother.

He was evil to touch me like that. To have sex with me like I was a common whore. No, I was worse than a whore. They get paid. You let him do that to me.

You are a woman. You learn to take it.

No. I do not have to take it.

Regina, give me the knife.

I looked at her through my bangs, which were soaked with her son's blood.

I gave her knife. I placed it delicately into her chest, without giving her a chance. She died immediately, without even a gasp.

Then I took those earrings she always wore.

I grabbed a pair of jeans and shirt out of my closet, and a pair of black flats. They were still clean--I had left my closet door closed.

I walked to the bathroom, tracking the blood around the house. I took a long hot shower, watching as the blood swirled down the drain. I

scrubbed and washed over and over until my skin was raw and my arms hurt. My hair flowed to my knees, hanging loosely. I washed it over and over, until I was sure all the blood was out of my hair.

I pulled it into pigtails, braided it nicely. I dressed quickly, placing my mom's earrings in my ears. I haven't taken them off since. Then I looked at myself in the mirror.

I grabbed my mother's purse, dug out all the money she had and walked out of the house.

Before I left that place forever, I locked the door and dropped the key down a sewage pipe. I considered a fire, but that would have been too obvious.

Then I left that hell behind me forever.

I really didn't have anywhere to go. But I still went.

A few nights later, they found Mom and Ryan.

As I sat in front of a television that was in a store, I saw the report. Mom had only one stab wound.

Ryan had fifty-seven.

I took one look at that story. Then I continued walking.

I had gotten my revenge.

It was later that I found out I could never get rid of my family.

Part Four: R is for Rebecca

I didn't clue in on what had happened until months later, when I noticed I was gaining a lot of weight. I hadn't been eating much... Mom's money had ran out about a month ago, and I wasn't exactly high on funds.

So I went to a doctor. One of those free women's clinics. It's not as though I could access anything else. This one was confidential so they would not have told my family. Not that they could have.

They ran all the tests, and I sat there while they figured out the results.

They told me I was four months pregnant. What they did not know was that the child was my brother's.

I should have figured that out myself. I was thin and dirty--the largest part of me was my belly. But my mother never told me anything, and Ryan didn't care.

They asked me if I wanted to get an abortion.

I looked at them like they had lost their minds.

Then I left.



One of those convents found me, and they were willing to feed me and care for me while I was pregnant.

However, having to hear about the fact that I was a sinner and all that religious stuff they crammed at me got on my nerves. So did all the hard work. But I had to eat somehow. I would endure it until I could get away with my child.

I found out around my ninth month that they took the children and gave them away. For adoption. Now, I admit that anything that tied me to that family of mine was a bad thing. I wanted no memories of Ryan or my mom.

But dammit, I wanted this child.

I stayed there however. And I gave birth.

The nurses took the baby away quickly, assuming that I could not see my child and thus would not notice. I saw her though, for a second.

It was all I needed to know who she was.

I managed to get up the next day, despite the tiredness and pain I was in. I felt like I'd been hit with a mallet. But I still got up.

I walked to the nursery, where they kept all the babies. It was late at night, and I know that the nurses were asleep. So I went inside.

I walked up and down those rows until I found my baby.

She was asleep in her crib. She had large green eyes and curly light red hair. As a matter of fact, she looked like me. There wasn't a hint of Ryan in her. She was beautiful. I fell in love immediately.

There was no way I would give her up.

I picked her up, crooning softly so she would stay asleep. I took one of the blankets they had and wrapped it around my baby. Then I walked back to my room where they kept my clothes. I set my baby on the bed and got dressed, then tied the sling back on and placed the baby inside. She whimpered and I unbuttoned my shirt just enough to let her feed. Then, under the cover of darkness, I left.

I did not know how I was going to take care of a newborn baby, but I would find a way.

I named her Rebecca.

She was, and still is, the best R in my life.

Of course, I had to find a way to take care of her. One of the girls who had been at the convent told me about a group called Team Rocket, that kept its headquarters in Viridian City.

That is where I headed.

## Part Five: R is for Redemption

It was weeks before I made it into Viridian City. I knew where I was headed--I had heard of an organization, called Team Rocket. It sounded like it would be the best way to take care of myself I was almost sixteen--I could get a job.

I knocked on the door of the gym I had been told it was in, and a dark figure opened the door. "What do you want, girly? he hissed. "You don't look like a trainer to me.

"I want to talk to the leader of Team Rocket," I said softly.

He took one look at me--my frizzy pigtails, the whinnying baby in my arms, and the large tired look I had in my eyes. "We don't recruit trash," he snapped, slamming the door shut.

I dropped my head and walked away. Rebecca started crying--the door had scared her.

I was sitting in front of the PokÃ©center trying to calm Rebecca down, when a large man with dark hair and dark eyes walked past. He had on a dark suit and simple black shoes.

He turned when he heard Rebecca's crying, and he looked over at me.

Having trouble with your sister?" he asked in a gentle tone.

"She's mine," I said, ducking my head.

"Oh," he replied. He looked at me. "What are you doing a the way out here alone, little one? Isn't your family worried about you?"

"Don't have one."

"Then what brought you here?"

"I was thinking of joining Team Rocket. But I was told that I'm not the right person."

"Really?"

"That's what the guard said."

He nodded, as if in thought. Then he offered me a hand. "Come with me. I think I can talk that guard into it."

I took his hand, wondering what he was up to.

As we walked towards the door, the guard looked at me again. "I thought I told you to scram kiddo," he hissed.

"Pardon me?" the man beside me said.

The guard looked at him and a look of shock went over his face. "I didn't know she was with you, sir," he stammered, letting me past.

I looked up at the man as we walked through the halls. "I'm guessing

you have some high position in this place."

He smiled. He had a nice smile. "Yes, you could say that."

"So where are we going?"

"The Boss's office."

"You mean you can talk to the boss?"

"Sure. And I think he'll let you in."

I nodded. Rebecca was asleep in my arms. We walked into the office. It was empty.

"Where is the boss? I asked.

The man smiled and sat down in the chair. "I'll introduce you to him. Hello, my name is Giovanni."

I looked at him in surprize. "You're the boss of Team Rocket?!"

He nodded. "And you're in."

"But me--I mean, I have a baby, I can't read, I'm--"

Giovanni reached over and lifted Rebecca out of my arms. She looked up at him with large wide eyes. He rocked her in his arms, and she dozed off.

"What's her name?" he asked.

"Rebecca," I said. "And you?"

"Regina."

"Well by the time you're done with all your training, you'll be Team Rocket material."'

Part Six: R is for Rocket

Thus, I am where I am now.

Giovanni helped me learn to read, how to train Pok mon, and how to be a good Rocket member. He taught me everything I know to survive, he is that father that I never really had. He gave me Ekans and taught me how to raise him.

Many times he sent me to train with some of the other recruits, which is where I met James as well as Meowth. However, many times he taught me some things privately, talking to me as if I was a daughter instead of just another underling.

He still does. Just not in the presence of the rest of the team.

Rebecca looks up to him as a sort of grandfather. He told me that when and if he is ever killed, that Rebecca will be the head of Team Rocket.

Most others would not see that as a good thing. After all Rebecca is about a year old, and she has seen Giovanni at work. But after all he has done for us, I would not hesitate to teach my child to follow the path of Team Rocket.

One day, in the course of one of my talks with him he asked me about my past. I hesitated, but not long. I told him everything--the abuse, the murders, the whole of my life.

He talked me into legally changing my name. "Regina, we want to make sure that you never get caught for those murders. Yes, they were more like self defense, but that cannot be proven. After all there were no witnesses."

I agreed with him, and together we found a name for me.

After that, he called me Regina only when we were face to face or around Rebecca.

If anyone else was around, I was Jessica.

Rebecca is taken care of whenever I go out on missions. Giovanni makes sure that the rest of Team Rocket knows nothing of my child. Rebecca is a secret, and many times when I talk to Giovanni over the phone without the others, he puts her on and lets her "talk" to me in her baby babble.

James joined Team Rocket because he was tired of the rich life--a life of prosperity that had rigid rules and firm control over him.

Meowth saw himself as a freak. Team Rocket was a way for him to validate his existence in a world where humans do not accept him and Pokémon reject him

I am a member of Team Rocket because Team Rocket has given me a chance to live a normal life.

I am Jessica of Team Rocket.

End  
file.